



A NEW SONG CALL'D THE MAID OF BALLYMOAT

One pas as l chanced to go roveing
Convenienc't to sweet Ballymoat
I met with a charming young fair one
Barby her own real abode
I thought she was Juno or Venus
On whom Farris the upple bestowed
Or tha devil cencel'd in regins
That Pluto from Sicily stoe

When yurst I beheld this fair creature
My h'art got enmo'r'd and sore
Bn a schamed to approach her
Her eque s I never saw before
He' cheeks wer as red as the rose
And h'r skin ws as white as the snow
h' Angels above adore her
Wher' ev'r my darling do go

It ws then I accosied shit fair one.

In h'p's she might ease me from we'e,
And Pitt'a swain that's comq'a'ning,
Or else quite distract'd I'll go,
When she says I don't know what you mean sir
You're very presumpt'on and dro',
I will wait t'l my sisters gets married,
That's old r a y. er or two more,

Dont wait for y' ur sister or brother,
For th' y must look out 'or their own,

You know that young men will degrade you
By waiting until you ge' old,

I have had fr. m a very good master,
As prime as you have of your own,

And a plentiful house to maintain,
In a farm yard by the New Road,

Yor land & your cows I dispise them,
Your horses & corn also,

Strange cows do w ar very long horns,
And no milk in their daries at home,

I will wait till we are better acquainted,
The truth is the b.st to be told,

Until my father agrees to the bargain,
I never will leave Ballymoat,

You gr eve me with your alegation,
And wounded my feelings ful sore,

To show that I was a poor stranger,
And but a half mile from my home,

The bus: way to settle the matter,
Is to come & see my abode,

And then if you think that I'm scheming
You know the straight way to get home

Do you think that I am such a fool,
I gave you your answ'er before,

that I consult with my parents,

I never will leave Ballymoat,

So now if you mean or to here me,
You m. y scamper away to the roads,

And bring me the lease of your farm,

And receipts for the year of sixty four,

& I have no ob'ection my darling

My leave and receipts for to show,

But I'd like to consult with your par. nts,

As you w uld not willingly go,

Her father well like'd the bargain,

Then he went and seen my house,

It was then he consign'd m. hi. daughter,

In a farmyard by sweet Ballymoat,

P. Breton Painter | L. Exchange St Dub